National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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THE Lost Army.

Scouting and Fighting Adventures of Two Boys IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS IN 1861, '62.

The Union Victorious at Boone ville.

A MUDDY MARCH.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "The Voyage of the Vivian," "Fulton and Steam Navigation," "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD TO GLORY.

THE regiment to which our young friends were attached—the 1st Iowa—received orders to move southward. Everything was bustle and activity in the camp, and the boys made themselves useful in a variety of ways.

As before stated, they were to accompany the wagon-train, and at once proceeded to make friends with everybody connected with that branch of the regiment's service; and they were not only friendly with the men, but with the horses. Some of the animals showed a tendency to be unruly, but by gentle ways and words Jack and Harry secured their confidence, and it was often remarked that the brutes would do more for the boys than for anybody else. One of the teamsters asked Jack how it was, and said he would give a good deal to know their secret of horse training.

"There's no secret about it," replied Jack; "at least, none that I know of. My father is very fond of horses, and has often told me that he always treats them kindly, but at the same time firmly. If he sets out to have a horse do anything he makes him do it; if the creature is stubborn he coaxes him and pets him, and keeps on urging him to do what he wants, and after a while the horse does it. When he has once begun he never lets up, and the animal soon knows that the man is master, and at the same time learns that he isn't to be cruelly punished, very often for not understanding what is wanted."

To show what he could do in the way of equestrian training, Jack took charge of a "balky" horse that frequently stopped short in his tracks and refused to move on in spite of a sound thrashing. All efforts to get him to go ahead were of no use, and altogether the beast (whose name was Billy) was the cause of a great deal of bad language on the part of the teamsters, which even the presence of the Chaplain could not restrain.

Jack harnessed Billy into a cart, and after asking those about him to make no interference, and not even to come near him, he started to mount a small hill at the edge of the camp. Before he had ascended 10 feet of the sloping road Billy halted, and showed by his position and the roll of his eye that he intended to stay where he was.

Jack dismounted and took the animal by the head; he tugged gently at the bridle three or four times, speaking gently and kindly all the while, but to no purpose. Billy was "set" in his determination, and did not propose to oblige anybody.

"All right," said Jack; if you want to stop here I'll stay too." And with that he pulled out a dime novel and sat down by the roadside close to Billy's head.

Jack opened his book and began to read, while Billy looked on and meditated. Half an hour passed and then an hour. At the end of that time Jack made another effort to start the horse up the hill, but with the same result as before.

Then he read another hour and then another, stopping once in a while to try and coax the animal to move on. By this time it was noon, and Jack called to Harry to bring him something to eat. Harry came with a slice of cold meat and a piece of [illegible], leaving [illegible], which [illegible] ended he read another chapter or two, and then he took Billy once more by the bridle and in the same gentle tones urged him to proceed.

Evidently the horse had thought the matter over, as he showed a perfect willingness to do as his young master desired. Without the least hesitation he went straight up the hill, and when they were at the top Jack petted and praised him, and after a while took him back to camp. The lesson was repeated again in the afternoon and on the following day, and from that time on Billy was a model of obedience as long as he was kindly treated.

"I believe a horse has to think things over just as we do," said Jack; and if you watch him you'll find out that he can't think fast. What I wanted was to have him understand that he had got to stay there all day and all night if necessary, until he did what I wanted him to do. When he saw me reading that book and sitting so quiet by the roadside, and particularly when he saw me eat my dinner and sit down to wait just as I had waited before, he made up his mind that 'twasn't any use to hold out. Horses have good memories. Hereafter when he's inclined to be balky he'll think of that long wait and give in without any fuss."

The regiment went by steamboat down the Mississippi River to the frontier of Missouri, and there waited orders to advance into the interior of the would-be neutral State, and while it waited there was a rapid progress of events in St. Louis, to which we will now turn.

Gen. Lyon had positive information that the rebels were preparing to bring troops from Arkansas and the Indian Territory to assist the Missouri State Guard in keeping

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out the "Dutch and Yankees." Of course this was quite in keeping with the neutrality about which they had so much to say, and if allowed to go on it was very evident that the whole of the interior of the State might soon be in their control. Accordingly he asked for further authority to enlist troops in the State, and requested that the Governors of the neighboring States should be directed to furnish him with several regiments that were in readiness. His request was granted, and within less than a month from the capture of Camp Jackson Gen. Lyon had a military force aggregating 10,000 men in St. Louis, and as many more in Kansas, Iowa and Illinois waiting orders to move wherever he wanted them to go.

Besides these troops there were several thousands of Home Guards in different parts of the State; many of these men were Germans, who had seen military service in the old country, and were excellent material for an army. Opposed to them the Governor had a few thousand State troops, many of them poorly armed, but they greatly made up in activity what they lacked in numbers or equipment, so far as keeping the country in a perpetual turmoil was concerned.

It was very evident that the State troops could not hold out against Gen. Lyon's disciplined army, and consequently the Governor made ready to abandon Jefferson City, the Capital, whenever Gen. Lyon moved against it. All the State property that could be moved was sent away, and the Governor and other officials prepared to follow whenever hostilities began.

Through the efforts of several gentlemen who still hoped for a peaceful solution of the troubles of Missouri, a conference was held at St. Louis on the 11th of June between Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price on behalf of the State authorities, and Gen. Lyon and Col. Blair on the other. Gen. Lyon had guaranteed that if Jackson and Price would come to St. Louis for the purposes of the conference they should have "safe conduct" both ways and not be molested while in the city.

The meeting was a historic one. Gen. Lyon, on being notified of the arrival of Jackson and Price in the city, asked them to meet him at the United States Arsenal. The wily Governor did not consider himself altogether safe in venturing there, in spite of the safe-conduct that he held, and suggested that the conference must be held at the Planters' House, a well-known hotel of St. Louis, and at that time the principal one. Accordingly the General went there with Col. Blair, and after a few polite phrases the negotiations began. Present, but not taking part in the debate, were Maj. Conant, of Gen. Lyon's staff, and Col. Snead, the Private Secretary of Gov. Jackson.

Four or five hours were consumed in the discussion, which was an animated one throughout. The Governor demanded that the United States troops should be withdrawn from the State and that no recruiting for the Union cause should be permitted anywhere in Missouri. When the troops were withdrawn he would disband the State Militia, and thus the State would be kept entirely neutral. Gen. Lyon insisted that the Government had the right to send its troops where it pleased within the boundaries of the United States, and he would listen to nothing else. No progress was made by either side, as neither would yield a point. Finally Gen. Lyon brought the conference to an end by telling Gov. Jackson it was useless to talk longer, and that in one hour an officer would call to escort them out of the city.

Lyon and Blair went at once to the Arsenal to give orders for the movement of troops, and within an hour from the end of the conference Jackson and Price were on their way to Jefferson City as fast as the railway train could carry them. On the way they ordered the bridges over the Osage and Gasconade Rivers to be burned, in order to prevent pursuit.

Early the next morning the Governor issued a proclamation calling the people of the State to arms, for the purpose, as he said, of repelling invasion and protecting the lives and property of the citizens of the State. He also asked the Confederate Government to send a co-operating force into Missouri as soon as possible, and gave orders for Gen. Price to take the field at once with all the troops he could muster.

Gen. Lyon ordered three regiments with two batteries of artillery, under Gen. Sweeney, to occupy the southwestern part of the State, and by the 13th they were on their way to Springfield by way of Rolla, which was then the terminus of the railroad in that direction. The object of this movement was to stop the advance of any Confederate force coming from Arkansas to help the Missourians, and also to head off Jackson and Price in case they marched in that direction. At the same time Gen. Lyon, with two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery, together with about 500 Regular infantry, went up the Missouri River to Jefferson City, which they captured on the 15th without opposition, the rebels having left on the day that Gen. Lyon started from St. Louis.

At the same time that he gave orders for the movements from St. Louis, Gen. Lyon telegraphed to the commander of the Iowa regiment to which Jack and Harry were attached, to advance into Missouri in the direction of Booneville, a flourishing town on the south bank of the Missouri, and the spot selected by Gen. Price as the rallying point of the State troops. There was a considerable amount of war material stored there belonging to the State, and by orders of the Governor an Arsenal had been started at Booneville for the manufacture of cannon and small-arms. Most of the inhabitants sympathized with the Secession movement, which was not the case with the population of Jefferson City, largely composed of Germans.

Jack and Harry fairly danced with delight when they found they were to march into the enemy's country. They regretted that their duties kept them with the wagon-train, which is not usually supposed to take part in battle, and wondering if there was not some way by which they could change places with two of the soldiers and have a share in the fighting. During their first night on the soil of Missouri they lost a fair amount of blood; it was drawn not by the bullets or the sabers of the enemy, but by the musketoes with which that region is abundantly supplied. Jack thought he had spilled at least a pint of gore in feeding the Missouri musketoes, and wondered if he could be fairly charged with treason or giving "aid and comfort to the enemy."

CHAPTER V.

ON THE MARCH—CAPTURING A REBEL FLAG.

It was a new life for Jack and Harry, and they greatly enjoyed it. Both declared that they slept more comfortably on the ground than they had formerly slept in bed, and as for the distance accomplished in a day's march it was nothing to them. They cheerfully gave up their places in the wagons to some of the footsore soldiers, and trudged along behind the vehicles as merry as larks.

There was very little danger to be apprehended on the march, although they were technically in the enemy's country. In the part of Missouri north of the river of the same name, there were a few straggling bands of State troops under the command of Gen. John B. Clark, but nothing like a disciplined force that could offer resistance to a well-equipped regiment like the 1st Iowa. Whenever the regiment approached a town or village, most of the Secessionists fled in dismay, after spreading terrible stories of the atrocities that the invaders would be sure to commit as soon as they arrived. Those that remained were no doubt greatly surprised at the good order that prevailed and the perfect respect shown to private property. Everything required for the use of the soldiers was fully paid for, and instead of bewailing the visit of the invaders many of the citizens, even those whose sympathies were not with the Union, hoped they would come again. Later in the war things changed a good deal in this respect, as we shall see further on in our story.

One town through which the regiment passed, and where it halted for one day and a part of another to wait orders for further movements, was one reputed to be one of the worst nests of Secession in that part of the State. It had a printing office, where a weekly paper was issued, and an examination of the files of the paper showed that it had been advocating Secession in the strongest possible terms. There were several printers in the regiment, and they at once took possession of the office. Under the guidance of a newspaper correspondent, who accompanied the regiment, they issued a new edition of the paper, the owner and editor having decamped and left things to the mercy of the invaders.

MISSOURI MUD.

The name of the paper was changed to *Our Whole Union*, and its editorials were quite the reverse of what they had been under its former management. There was a salutatory and valedictory, both in the same number, the new editor apologizing for the brevity of his stay on account of the necessity of moving on with the regiment on the very evening of the day of publication. The runaway-editor's name was Johnson, and the new incumbent of the office thus addressed him:

"Johnson, we leave you to-night. We are going where bullets are thick and musketoes are thicker. But for all that, Johnson, we have no ill feelings against you. If you come our way, call. Johnson, adieu."

There was a hotel in the town, and its owner had recently, so Jack learned from a boy of about his age with whom he established friendly relations, given it the name of the Davis House, in honor of the President of the Southern Confederacy. Jack informed the soldiers of this discovery, and an examination of the front of the building showed that the former name of the hotel had been painted out to make a place for the new one.

Immediately a pot of white paint and one

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of black were procured, a rough staging was erected, the word "Davis" was painted out, and "Union" took its place. The proprietor protested, but his protest was of no use. He was told that the Union House would be much more popular than the Davis House could be by any possibility, and when they came around again they expected to find the new name retained. The proprietor said his neighbors would burn the building over his head if he allowed it to remain as it was, and as soon as the regiment had gone he set about changing the obnoxious appellation. But he showed some worldly wisdom in giving it a new name altogether instead of restoring what might have brought him into trouble with future visitors of the kind he had just had. He avoided both "Davis" and "Union," and called the establishment the "Missouri Hotel," a name at which neither side could take offense.

The boy who told Jack about the hotel also informed him where a rebel flag was concealed. It had been made by several young women whose sympathies were with the Southern cause, and was intended for presentation to the Captain of a company which would soon leave the County to fight on the Southern side.

Jack hastened to Capt. Herron, one of the officers of the regiment, and told what he had heard. The Captain sent a detail of soldiers, under the guidance of Jack, who led the way to the house of one of the principal inhabitants of the place.

The Sergeant in command of the squad of soldiers rapped at the door, which was opened by a servant. He asked for the lady of the house, and very soon a comely matron of 40 or more stood before him.

"We beg your pardon for disturbing you," said the Sergeant; "but we want a rebel flag that we are told has been made here recently."

"You sha'n't come into my house," was the angry reply; "and we've no flag for you Yankees."

She was about to close the door in the Sergeant's face, but the latter stopped her from so doing by stepping forward and holding it open. Then he ordered his men to follow him, which they did, accompanied by Jack.

"Be kind enough to show us through the house," said the Sergeant; "we don't want to trouble you, but we must have that flag."

"If you are after a flag you won't find any," she answered; "and as for showing a lot of Yankees through the house, I won't."

The Sergeant ordered one man to stay at the front door and another at the rear, and permit nobody to leave the house. Then he called the servant, a negro woman, who had opened the door, and ordered her to show the way through the rooms. Accustomed to obedience, the woman did as she was told, her mistress being so overcome with rage that she did not endeavor to exercise her authority over the servant.

Jack had told the Sergeant that the flag was hidden between the sheets of a bed in the first sleeping-room at the head of the stairs; consequently that was the room which the Sergeant intimated he would like to see first.

The room was found and so was the bed, but no flag. The bed showed signs of very recent disturbance, as though something had been withdrawn from it. Evidently the flag had been taken away during the parley at the door. The room was searched in every part, but no sign of the flag was found; then other rooms were examined, but with the same result.

The soldiers went through the entire house, the Sergeant giving them strict orders to search everywhere, but at the same time to injure nothing. Just as they were about to give up the enterprise as a bad job a brilliant thought occurred to Jack.

He mounted the stairs again and went straight to the bed which had first been the object of their examination. Pulling down the bed-clothes, which had been left in a disordered condition after the investigation of the soldiers, he found the desired flag and bore it in triumph to the Sergeant.

Then the Sergeant withdrew his men, after again apologizing to the mistress of the house, who was so angry that she could not, or would not, speak. On the way back to camp the Sergeant asked Jack how it was he knew the flag was where he found it.

"I sort o' guessed it," replied Jack. "I noticed that the woman and her two daughters didn't stay with us while we were rummaging the house, but kept going in and out of the rooms, leaving the servant to show us around.

"I thought they were up to something, especially as one of the daughters didn't show up at all while we were talking at the door before we went in.

"Now, I figured out that while we were talking with the old gal the young one we didn't see was taking the flag out of the bed and hiding it somewhere else. When they saw us at the door they knew what we'd come for, and probably guessed we'd been told where the flag was.

"Well, after we'd looked through that bed and all the room without finding anything, we went on to the next room. They knew we'd hunt high and low for the flag, and go through every part of the house. Now, if you'd a-been in their place what would you have done, when you knew you couldn't get out of the house without being seen?

"I see it now," said the Sergeant, "though I didn't before. I'd have watched my chance by going round through the halls, and put the flag in one of the places that had been searched, and there wouldn't have been any better place than the bed where we first went for it."

"That's just what I thought," said Jack in reply; "and when I saw the old gal give a wink to the young one and the young one winked back again, it just occurred to me to go to the bed and have another look."

"You'd make a good detective," said the Sergeant approvingly, and then the conversation turned to the flag they had captured and the probable use that would be made of it.

"That's for the Captain to say," replied the Sergeant in reply to Jack's query.

The Sergeant turned the flag over to the Captain and the latter duly admired it and praised Jack for his acuteness. The Secession emblem was a fine one, being made of the best bunting procurable in St. Louis, whence the material was specially ordered. It was the regular Secession flag, the "Stars and Bars," and was intended to be displayed on the battlefield, where the rebels confidently hoped to put the defenders of the Union to flight at the first fire. Along the center of the flag the following couplet had been deftly embroidered by the fingers of the young ladies by whom the banner was made, and the lines were said to have been the composition of the maiden who so signally failed in concealing the precious standard from the search of the invaders:

"Federals from thee shall flee,
Gallant sons of Liberty!"

Jack suggested that they should have added the following quotation from Robert Burns, as a suitable intimation of the possibilities in the case:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

When the matter was submitted to Harry, he thought the epitaph that is said to have been on an infant's tombstone in an English churchyard would have been appropriate to the history of the flag:

"If so soon I must be done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

CHAPTER VI.

MARCHING AND CAMPING IN THE RAIN—FIRST SHOTS AT THE ENEMY.

When the march across Missouri began the weather was fine, and our young friends, as before stated, were delighted with campaigning life; but the fair weather didn't last.

When they were on the road again, after the affair of the rebel flag, they found a change of situation. A storm arose, and they had the disagreeable experience of marching and camping in the rain. Old soldiers think nothing of rain, though of course they prefer fine weather, but for new campaigners the first rain-storm is a serious affair. So it was with Jack and Harry.

They had provided themselves with waterproof coats, which protected their shoulders, in fact, kept them fairly dry above the knees, but could not prevent the mud from forming on the ground nor protect the feet of the

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boys as they marched along. It was a weary tramp through the mud, and anyone who has traveled in Missouri knows that the mud there is of a very sticky quality; in fact, in most of the Western States the soil has a consistency that is unknown in many parts of the East. When dry it is hard, and forms an excellent road, though it is apt to give off a good deal of dust in specially dry and win[illegible]nes. When there is much traveling a road, and no rain falls for some ti[illegible]e dust is a great deal more than per[illegible]le.

But it is [illegible] the wet season that the soil of the Wes[illegible] in its fine work. The mud has the [illegible]ness of glue with the solidity of putty [illegible]ch time the foot goes down it picks up a small quantity, very small it may be; but as continual dropping will wear away stone, so will continual stepping convert the foot into a shapeless mass of mud. Five or 10 pounds of mud may thus be gathered upon each foot of a pedestrian, and it does not require a vivid imagination to increase the five pounds to 50. Horses "ball up" in the same way, and there are many localities where, under certain conditions of weather, this balling up is so rapid, and withal so dangerous, as to make travel next to impossible.

The regiment went into camp that night pretty well tired out, and it is safe to say that some of the soldiers wished themselves home again. But if they did so wish they kept their thoughts to themselves, and each one pretended to his comrades that it was just what he liked.

To pitch tents on wet ground is the reverse of agreeable, and to lie down on the ground and try to sleep there is worse than the mere work of putting a tent in place. But both of these things must be done, except where there is no tent to pitch and one must sleep without any shelter other than the sky. When our armies took the field in the early part of the war there was a good supply of tents, so that the soldiers were well protected against the weather; but this condition of affairs did not last long. In the early days there was an allowance of two wagons to a company, or 20 wagons to a regiment, without counting the wagons of the field officers and staff. Later on the wagon allowance was greatly reduced, and during the closing campaigns of the war the luxuries of the early days were practically unknown. The army with the smallest wagon-train can make the most rapid progress, as a train is a great hindrance in military movements.

Jack and Harry slept beneath one of the wagons, or rather they tried to sleep, during the steady rain that continued through the night. In the morning Jack thought Harry resembled a butterfly that had been run through a sausage-machine, while the latter retorted that his comrade looked as if he had been fished out of a mill-pond and hung up to dry. Both were a good deal bedraggled and limp, but they would not admit it, and each danced about as though a little more and a great deal wetter rain was just what he wanted.

"Tell you what, Harry," said Jack, "it wasn't being wet that bothered me so much as getting wet. I found a reasonably dry place, and thought I was all right, but just as I was getting asleep I felt the tiniest little drop of water soaking through on the side I was lying on. I tried to shrivel up so as to get away from it, but the water followed me, and the more I shrunk the more it spread.

"Then I thought it would be better if I turned over, but in turning I let in more water, or rather I suppose I made a hollow in the soft ground, and that was just old pie for the water. When I turned I exposed my neck and got a touch of it there, and so it went on; at every move I got more and more of it. By the end of an hour or so, which seemed all night, I was fairly wet through, and then I didn't care half so much about it. I went to sleep and slept pretty well till morning, and don't believe I've got a bit of a cold."

"I had about the same sort of a time with the rain," said Harry, "and agree with you that the worst part of it is the feeling you have while the rain is getting its way through your clothes and you're trying to keep it out; and all the time you know you can't do it, and really might just as well give in at once."

"Never mind now," said Jack; "what we want is hot coffee and something to eat."

They had taken the precaution to lay away some sticks of dry wood in one of the wagons before the rain began, and therefore there was no difficulty in starting a fire. All the wood that lay around the camp was soaked with water, but by careful searching and by equally careful manipulating of the sticks the soldiers and teamsters managed to get up a creditable blaze by using their dry wood to start it with.

Hot coffee all around served to put everybody in good humor, and some hard bread and bacon from the Commissary wagons made the solid portion of the breakfast. Harry had secured some slices of cold beef the day before, and these, which he shared with Jack, made a meal fit for a king when added to the regular rations that had been served out. The rain stopped soon after sunrise, the sun came out and in a few hours the roads were dry enough to justify the order to move on. Meantime everybody was busy drying whatever could be dried, and by noon the discomforts of the first night in the rain had been pretty well forgotten.

An hour or two after the column started on the road there was an alarm from the front that threw everybody into a state of excitement. Rumors were passed from man to man, and as they grew with each repetition, they became very formidable by the time they reached the rear-guard. There was a large force of the enemy blocking the way—a whole army, with cannon enough to blow them all out of existence, and possibly to take the offensive and march straight to the Capital of Iowa.

Every soldier got his rifle in readiness, the wagons were driven closely up, the rear-guard prepared to meet an assault that might possibly come in their direction, and there was all the "pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war" with the band of untried warriors, few of whom had ever smelt gunpowder in a warlike way.

The excitement grew to fever heat when some shots were heard, and evidently indicated the beginning of the battle. Jack and Harry wanted to rush to the front of the column and take a hand in the affair, but they were stopped by the Quartermaster, who said they would only be in the way, and had better wait a while until the Colonel sent for them. He ended his suggestion with a peremptory order that they should not leave the wagons without permission.

This was a disappointment, but they bore it as patiently as they could. They were learning the lesson of military life, that the soldier must obey his officer and each officer must obey the word of his own superior, no matter what it may be. As a consolation to them, and also as an illustration of what they must expect in the army, the Quartermaster told a story about a volunteer officer during the Mexican war.

This officer had been ordered to do something that he thought highly injudicious. Gen. Scott was standing near, and Capt. X——, as we will call him, appealed to the General to know what he should do.

"Obey the order," was the brief answer of the General.

"But it's absurd," replied the Captain. "Certainly no one should obey an order like that."

"Always obey your superior officer," responded the General.

"But suppose my superior officer orders me to jump out of a fourth-story window," interposed the Captain, "must I do it?"

"Certainly," the General answered; "your superior's duty is to have a feather bed there to receive you, and you can be sure he'll have it. That's a part of his business you have nothing to do with."

This may sound like exaggeration to the young reader who has no knowledge of the ways of military life, but let me assure him that it is nothing of the kind. It is a principle of army discipline that a soldier or officer should unhesitatingly obey the orders he receives without asking for explanations. On the battlefield regiments, brigades, divisions, are sent as the commander desires for the purposes of carrying out his combinations and plans. It can readily

(Continued on 2d page.)

ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

Campaign in Front of Washington in 1862.

FEAR FOR FRANKLIN.

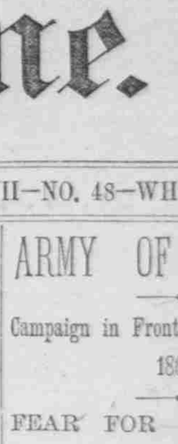
With the Sound of Battle in His Ears.

PORTER'S DERELICTION

He is Peremptorily Ordered to the Front.

BY GEN. JOHN POPE.

VI.



AND thus, on the night of the third day after Gen. Franklin's Corps had been peremptorily ordered to join the army under my command, it had advanced as far as Annandale, six miles from Alexandria, Franklin himself being in that city as late as 1 p. m.

Aug. 29, 1862. 8 p. m.
TO COMMANDING OFFICER AT CENTERVILLE:
I have been instructed by Gen. McClellan to inform you that he will have all the available wagons at Alexandria loaded with rations for your troops, and all of the cars also, as soon as you send in a cavalry escort to Alexandria as a guard to the train.

Respectfully,
[Signed] W. B. FRANKLIN, Major-General, Commanding Sixth Corps.

Gen. McClellan's dispatch of 10 p. m., 29th August, states that he ordered Franklin "to cover the transit of Pope's supplies." Gen. Franklin, who doubtless understood his orders, explained them as above by saying that the supplies would be loaded "as soon as you send a cavalry escort." It was thus Gen. Franklin was to "cover the transit."

At 11 a. m. Gen. McClellan telegraphs Genl. Halleck:

[Received 11:15 a. m.]
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 30, 1862. 11 a. m.
Have ordered Sumner to leave one brigade in the vicinity of Chain Bridge, and to move the rest via Columbia pike on Annandale and Fairfax Courthouse. Is this the route you wish them to take? He and Franklin are both instructed to join Pope as promptly as possible. Shall Couch move also when he arrives?
[Signed] GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General.
Maj.-Gen. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

To this inquiry as to the proper direction of the troops at the crisis of that day Gen. Halleck's reply is comprehensive and pointed:

"SEND THEM WHERE THE FIGHTING IS."

[Sent at 12:20 p. m.]
WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 30, 1862. 12:20 p. m.
I think Couch should land at Alexandria and be immediately pushed out to Pope. Send the troops where the fighting is. Let me know when Couch arrives, as I may have other information by that time. Use the Connecticut officers and regiment as you propose. Send transports to Acquia to bring up Burnside's command. I have telegraphed to him, and am waiting his answer.
[Signed] H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.
Maj.-Gen. McClellan, Alexandria.

And adds two hours later:

[Sent 2:15 p. m.]
WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Aug. 30, 1862. 2:10 p. m.
Franklin's and all of Sumner's Corps should be pushed forward with all possible dispatch. They must use their legs and make forced marches. Time now is everything. Send some sharpshooters on the trains to Bull Run. The bridges and property are threatened by bands of Prince William cavalry. Give Col. Haupt all the assistance you can. The sharpshooters on top of cars can assist in unloading the trains.
[Signed] H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.
Maj.-Gen. MCCLELLAN, Alexandria.

[Received 3 p. m.]
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
ALEXANDRIA, VA., Aug. 30, 1862. 1:20 p. m.
I know nothing of the calibers of Pope's artillery. All I can do is to direct my ordnance officer to load up all the wagons sent to him. I have already sent all my headquarters wagons. You will have to see that wagons are sent from Washington. I can do nothing more than give the order that every available wagon in Alexandria shall be loaded at once. The order to the brigade of Sumner that I directed to remain at Chain Bridge and Tennallytown should go from your headquarters to save time. I understand it not to intend it also to move. I have no sharpshooters except the guard around my camp. I have sent off every man but those, and will now send them with the train, as you direct. I will also send my only remaining squadron of cavalry with Gen. Sumner. I can do no more; you now have every man of the army of the Potomac who is within my reach.
[Signed] GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General Commanding.
Maj.-Gen. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

FRANKLIN'S SLOW MOVEMENTS.

As these telegrams do not appear to furnish any sort of explanation of Franklin's slow movements and of his halt at Annandale, it seems not improper to furnish a telegram of Gen. McClellan's, which does give in part directly and in part by inference an explanation of these transactions; but before doing so it seems in place to invite attention to the strange fact that whilst in his telegrams, the first dated Aug. 29, at 8:30 a. m., and the second Aug. 29, at 1 p. m., Gen. McClellan does not consider it safe for Franklin with 11,000 men to go beyond Annandale, yet he instructs Gen. Franklin to inform the commanding officer at Centerville (not me) that he "will have all the available wagons at Alexandria loaded with rations for your troops and all of the cars; also, as soon as you send in a cavalry escort to Alexandria as a guard to the trains." In short, whilst it was not safe, according to Gen. McClellan's opinion, for Franklin to go beyond Annandale with 11,000 men, he did consider it safe for a cavalry escort to come in from the field of battle through Annandale to Alexandria and take back wagon-trains by the same road. Not fear of harm to Franklin therefore was the motive to halt him at Annandale, but some other motive quite removed from such apprehension.

This motive will probably be found partly set forth in the following telegram, dated at 2:45 p. m., Aug. 29:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA., Aug. 29, 1862.
2:45 p. m.

The last news I received from the direction of Manassas was from stragglers, to the effect that the enemy were evacuating Centerville and retiring